



# Bones

Bones - journal for the short verse

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scar city

on a silvery lake swan songs come how

so much nothing out there dense forests

turning lemons into quarantinis

shark week  
the mourning doves  
in my uterus

privilege in the key of A minor





Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Cape Comorin Sunrise

## **absent spring**

*(one-line sequence in the time of the COVID-19)*

where absent spring fans out even weeds breathe their last  
in the lilac's loosened breast a somersault of souging winds  
the swarm of maps random drizzle crafted a helpless tangle on blackberry thorns  
scratch marks in the mist a tremor of hands the only sound  
incense plumes that hurt the eyes spiraled sighs off sealed-in scorn  
between weeping trees and shifting storms tautened strings  
ocean roar but grief unclogging lungs of leaf litter with shards of sky  
still creeping up sand hills void of spring an unfinished palette bleeds the tides

ripped from rants  
debates about Eden  
disbanded

blistered wall  
the gutter drip  
Morse-coded

slime molds  
does talk consume  
the elements?

look up at the moon  
it is nothing but a node  
in a woman's spine

Anne Pedone

I think my living  
is little more than a gray  
requiem for you.

a little salt sea  
pools in her pillowcase. she  
shoots it down like rum.



White sky, black crow  
—the other, together.

The consoling arithmetic of sparrows.

Twinkling tail,  
Winking white,  
*Flickers rabbit.*

plum rains the short shelf life of enough

fog in search of a sharp edge

horseshoe crab i cannot ask you to bleed for me



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Crimson Lagoon

the astronaut is off-structure



at least your team is pretty

inky caps the body Lazarus

sanctuary doors painted in the ephemeral

alleluias streaming beyond weight & measure

high meadow grasses  
seraphim spinning  
every blade

self conscious stream of fashion conscious self quarantine binge

once shaded sweat carries the weight of sunlight

a terrorist? the machine in us wobbles





Julie Warther

midway attractions  
her father wound  
wins her a bear

touching the pine needle  
where its speckled by mold  
another why you

how smut in the ears claim the good corn moon

my hometown dust all over the five subject notebooks

a presence as absence on the branch swinging birdsong

chatting –  
clouds travel  
alone

our secret obscured by a thousand legs under leaves



press one for a reverse Anne Sexton or continue to hold

today's taxable event landing in a fine mist between foxes

everyone else writing trilogies I plant a pepper on this scrap



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Jade Embankment

on curve  
of moon  
morning

cat itch  
scratch  
stretch

lockdown

blankness

thrush anvil extracting someone's marrow



out of a nightmare of a nightmare night

full moon  
taking a shine  
to birdsong

the choreographer Nietzsche works on a heavenly body

chaos  
the moves  
of a dancing star

once open  
the wound  
has a voice

the side of  
the coin captured for  
inciting a riot

things I seam

to crack open

you mean apart from  
the orphanage of  
words you can't recall

or work on just being a twig



jshb



unbutton your navel sultry afternoon

sightseeing a fifth church without a god

first stone the mother of all bombs

if either of us gets the plague the moon is a barren rock

the holocaust  
grafted onto my rootstock  
the temperament of trees

a babel fish

*a tower of lies*

blowing  
word bubbles

*it's going to be great*

at a viral storm

*and not  
at all fake*

a fly  
by

*word play*

Issa  
wringing

*a noun & a verb*

both  
hands

*vie for  
ascendancy*

a leaf escapes

*avenging angel*

the endless  
looping

*a nasal swab*

of seasons

*sounds  
the all clear*



a new dawn

*out of  
empty caves*

hunter-gatherers

*a semblance  
of similarity*

in long queues

*reassembling*

beyond being

immune

useful members  
of society

from herd mentality

autumn leaves

my secret room

light  
no more

*an absence*

than the fall  
of words

*less sought for  
than known*

from the lips

*in the letting go*

## penning an insular life

falling leaves

*a bell tolls*

with a truth  
too deep

*both near  
and far*

for tears

*I am not  
an island*



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Petrichor

co-  
v.  
id

mesmerised by  
the doubling die  
tabloids on heat

flow chart if it makes you feel better



mindlessly stretching nature's template

**tick, tock...**

awaking next to the crocodile could be funny

better not trust dolls  
with green eyes

Rain  
it's more than you'll understand  
even if you live to old age

look that man actually is an island cherry blossom

drugs

*a bee*

for dessert

*in*

*the mail box*

your port in air my crock

a lifelong version of nine

grass  
grown  
like a son

John Stevenson



for which there is no symbol

almost always almost

it is  
it seems  
it was

scarecrow in vitro



Julie Warther

sun  
up

up  
w/

the  
lark  
from

the  
self

same  
dark

the light  
on one

so one

cannot  
help but

see how  
one is

in it &  
as here

down

a

path

made

by

water

paw

hoof

foot



the 1st  
boy, the

2nd, 3rd,  
4th, 5th

& 6th  
boy all

running

running  
from a

bee! bee!  
a bee! a

bee! bee!  
a bee!

a bird

one  
only

hears

the whole

of the  
sky

## TRUTH

wind in the  
palms in

the wind  
in the palm

wind palms

soaring  
a matter

of slight  
shifts

of wing

shifts  
of air

the blue  
jellyfish

the blue  
jellyfish

the blue  
the blue

the blue

the white porcelain cup of another world

raindrops leave circles in the water widening

piglets

*we are running*

through garbage

*the cluttered spaces*

until Covid-19

strikes

*and how!*

taking a ride  
in a hand-pulled rickshaw

*I bite into jalebis  
soaked in sugar syrup*

across crowded streets  
of Banaras

*chatting non-stop  
with myself*

a princess  
in the palanquin

*I reach the ghats  
for a holy dip*



testing  
testing  
woodpecker

what the weeks  
will have made of him  
*cadavre exquis*

you should see ruins  
in space and how they crumble  
not unlike a pulse

silent knight everybody dies

what's the difference dead star light



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Pool of Tourmalines

howling names of the dead howling

plague winds  
our bare faces  
lethal



another day  
another ballast  
gone

ghostwriter wanted for an ancient whaler's dream

in a shaft of blinding light the violets turn ultra

ephemera and lawn daisies press here to praise

exit wendy from the peter pandemic

whiteout without hypotheses

cadaver makeup  
the final attempt to postpone  
her disappearance

the shadow side of the oak where the noose hung



and then someone said the dome of the sky should be protected

easing restrictions seeping sound of distant school bell

a spurt of youth in ageing limbs reunion

straight and narrow after a U turn missed

## Coreweed

Corona' a belly full of snakes

humanity for earth aid we are the masked

lockdown sunlight plays with sunlight

empty shelves shopping carts full of planetariums

hospitals out of breath

from the old to the young ventilators made of gold

waiting in line caskets breathe in and out

your demons parked outside a social construct

on the outskirts of a metaphor a budding branch

to grow wings or not  
this cage has a guillotine door



then saturn slipped into her night cap

## **Black Book**

sometimes a book is just a book

sometimes a book is black

sometimes a book has shades of black

sometimes a book is the book of the dead

sometimes a book becomes a burning pile

sometimes a book is a holy cow

sometimes a book will grow wings

sometimes a book speaks the language of birds



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Sailing at Dusk

neglected orchard reverting to the mean

a pair of pigeons  
with no heads  
the new normal

right where it should be in the moonless night his phantom penis

the trail a snail leaves us in the wake of each other's emotions

what the vulture sees in a dead rabbit's hindsight



one  
ampere  
for  
a  
frosted  
incandescent  
bulb  
requires  
six  
quadrillion  
angels  
in  
full  
regalia

gull at a city puddle flies off with my reflection

afraid I'd drop something  
symbolizing for me the Earth  
and break it

all newsed up like a glove turned inside out

exhausted satire circling through the hose and back into the car

in the nursing home,  
that mirror with all the legs  
crawls around at night

of course we are gold  
coins around the scales  
of an olive drab dragon

terrarium in the fool's goldmine



we what the boar says before the attack

middle of the night shift in my gestalt  
as a lizard darts into the rocks the stillness  
pondside snag in my logic  
to be or not to bee deep in the peony  
'til death do us part wave part sand

winter nights growing longer in the truth

best if used by sharpening all my pencils

sleepless ink stain

from the deck of incompetence yr life as a poker chip

misty-eyed  
yr island windows



Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Terra Preta



an asteroid with a cough above the chessboard

alone with the heresy of green bananas

it is only a shock if you love the spy

meeting the mind that invented steel wool

first time snow of her eyes

a song from somewhere silent marks of extinction

bacon and baboons the dentist schedules anyway

unlimited ceiling if only it were true



god radio  
break-up songs  
of getting back together

mother  
divided by  
a two-lane fawn

through my rose-colored corona bubble

*mass numbers sentencing the world to wordlessness.....*

blank walls

*asking questions*

the many colours

*the throbbing ink*

of acquiescence

*of dissent*

a tomb is a snowflake. Soft light through the branches of the cypress

slipping off from a plate an azure fish bites the moon

the next room the spider crawls could be heaven

cell light  
clearing my history  
with rain





Oormila Vijayakrishnan Prahlad: Verdigris

pupate  
right here    and I'll be first to  
see your wings

Krishna flings  
black hole petals each one  
a new bride

dipole sally life-filled capacitor mine  
pulling willow switches for flush hour passenger drains  
the corncobweb snoutmouse oinktimized

tasselations draw their heads over the glass widows  
too rich to die the death how about you  
a thousand blackbird hearts pumping up your snail male

protean jihad shuffled pack of lice  
o wise afghan bin liner into thy dark we pour our souls  
a quart of lemoncide fizz black smut unveiled

our insectoid masters groom us for the egg whites  
president putain's compound visions her northeast passage  
dead submariners unscrewing the dreamdoor into his skull

the tontine coughs up a brow-bound glossography

fully turned on whorefrost gonorrhoea piano  
steel heelpricks shanked into her sides  
fanny hill rusted scabrous abandoned hole mime

sheer papadum palace sri coffincup  
sleeps on the corpsecrepes breakfasts on bluto  
death of a child cements our dominion

first concrete shoes baby jesus stumbles thrice  
fires a missalette aught tis sister succor  
salvadore dali lamas set blazed giraffes on attic hospice

zombieptosis demonstrates longbeard shortshanks's vomit  
frankenturf bogman speaks earth and bleeds time  
senza rancor my cairn syrup baritone's last bombcast

a certified egg & spoon case omelette padme hum

lollipop babel  
a baby rainbow  
too sleepy to cry

Robert Witmer

the thumb remembers words that weren't spoken

an organ hymn split between ears of corn



exogenous factors  
waiting for the other  
shoe to drop

in breath out breath killing descartes

reply all forcing branches of forsythia

not unlike a meteor cancer wiped her out

for gold digging the pain mine

Tomorrow the lisp in my glottal description of darkness

Trick movements to live myself light burning through the film

Self-gags those improvised nouns verbing a black body



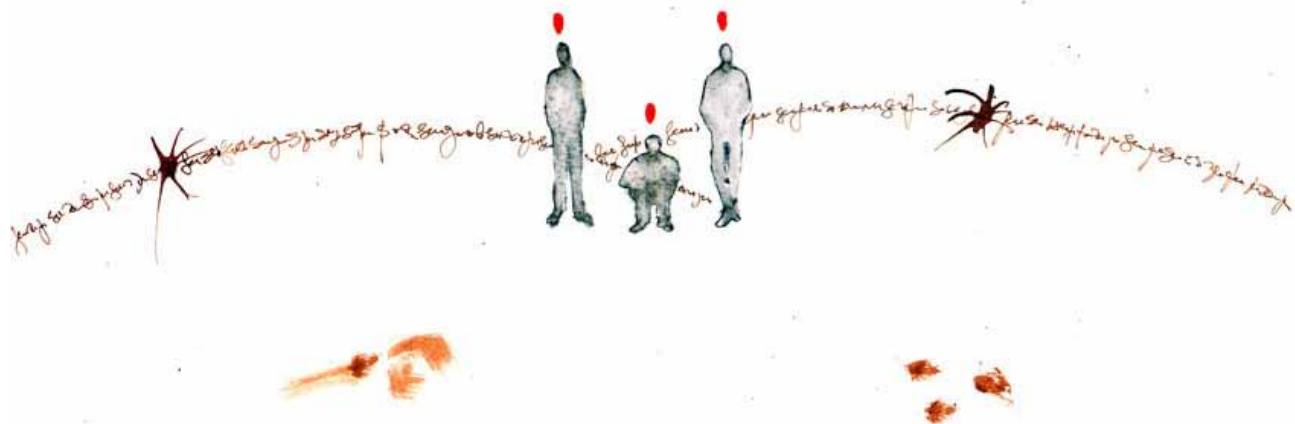
Forest mindscape pines the reflections start lying as the water ices

The freshness of nothing beyond wearing out this description of darkness

Blind spots of leaves fall through scenic conclusions the habits of truth

Lethality felt in a blackbird skeleton some despair older than I am

last rites by phone lenten moon



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